



I'm in Haste.

A NEW SONG.

[Sold at No. 42, Long Lane.]

Printed in 1794.

AS cross the field the other morn
I tript so blithe and gay,
The Squire, with his dog and gun,
By chance came by that way ;
Whither so fast, sweet maid ? he cry'd,
And caught me round the waist,
Pray stop awhile ? dear sir, said I,
I can't, for I'm in haste.

You must not go as yet, cried he
For I have much to say,
Come sit you down, and let us chat
Upon this new mown hay ;
I've lov'd you long, and oft have wish'd
Those ruby lips to taste,
I'll have a kiss—well then, said I,
Be quick, for I'm in haste.

Just as I spoke, I saw young Hodge
Come thro' a neighbouring gate,
He caught my hand, and cried, dear girl,
I fear I've made you wait ;
But here's a ring, come let's to church,
The joys of love to taste,
I left the Squire, and laughing cried,
You see, sir, I'm in haste.